MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 7

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FRANCISCO FERRER MEMORIAL MEETING

The First Anniversary of the Heroic Death of

FRANCISCO FERRER

ARRANGED BY THE

National Ferrer Association

WILL TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 8 P. M.

AT

COOPER UNION, 8th ST. & 3rd AVE.

The Speakers will be announced through the Daily Press

The Children of the Ferrer Sunday School will pay tribute to the memory of the great Teacher

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International Meeting

TO COMMEMORATE

Our Chicago Martyrs

MURDERED BY THE CAPITALIST CABALA

on the 11th November, 1887

MEETING WILL TAKE PLACE

Friday Evening, November 11th, 1910

8 P. M.

At TERRACE LYCEUM, 206 E. Broadway

Speakers in Various Languages Will Address the Audience

APPROPRIATE MUSIC

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

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Vol. V **SEPTEMBER, 1910** **No. 7**

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE agitation in memory of our murdered Comrade, Francisco Ferrer, is beginning to bear fruit.

The response to the call for a general Ferrer memorial demonstration, to take place throughout the country on October 13th, surpasses our most optimistic expectations. Already over a dozen large cities have arranged memorial meetings to be held that day. The New York demonstration in Cooper Union promises to be one of the largest public gatherings ever held in this city.

The Ferrer memorial brochure is in preparation, and now comes the announcement of a Modern School to be opened in Salt Lake City by our able and valiant friend, William Thurston Brown.

Space will not permit us to bring the entire prospectus of the new venture, but as we want our readers to know the principles underlying the projected School, we quote from the manifesto at hand:

"The time has come for a definite, concerted movement in which open-minded, free-thinking people can heartily unite for the spread of modern scientific knowledge as applied to the problems of personal and social life.

The greatest enemy of human life is IGNORANCE—its greatest friend is KNOWLEDGE.

Ignorance is the mother of tyranny, corruption, moral decay, and slavery. Knowledge is the only key to power, freedom, justice, solidarity.

Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish educator and martyr,

saw clearly that the only way to justice and freedom for the people of Spain is through POPULAR KNOWLEDGE. Ignorant Spain must remain enslaved Spain. Enlightened Spain will be free Spain. So he started the Modern School, whose sole purpose was to give to the common working people of Spain the facts and teachings of modern science.

To a Church that lives by superstition, and a State based on ignorance and exploitation, the Modern School was a capital crime, and its founder was shot."

The prospectus of the Salt Lake City Modern School further states, among other things, that the School will begin with four departments: the Sunday Evening Lecture; The School of Social Science; The Literature and Modern Drama Club; and The Civic Survey.

The new venture deserves the generous support of all friends of moral and social advance. Encouragement and experience will broaden the conception of the School initiators beyond the conventional idea of mere "knowledge as the only key to freedom." We feel confident that with a man of Brown's character and intellect at the helm, the Salt Lake City School will become a real force for rational education in the true libertarian sense.

We therefore urge our readers to lend their assistance. Contributions will be gladly received by the Treasurer, Mr. I. Cline, 146 South West Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Chicago has also become actively interested in the spread of rational education. A Francisco Ferrer Club has been organized in that city, with the object of studying the aims and methods of libertarian enlightenment. The Club has its Reading Room and Library at 1015 Halsted Street.

Heartiest wishes for success.

* * *

IN the face of the constantly growing humiliation and oppression of the wage slave, it is the cruellest irony to speak of "Labor Day."

Yet supposedly well meaning persons still prate of "the dignity" of labor, and the tremendous advances being made by the "powerful" unions. The *American Federationist,* the official organ of Samuel Gompers, goes even further and urges the workingmen "to bring about an

understanding in their respective districts with representatives of the church so that ministers will make addresses that may attract trade unionists to the churches in large numbers for the day (Labor Sunday)."

The Gompers type realizes that the co-operation of the churches is necessary to continue labor in its present law-abiding slavery. In that every exploiter is in hearty agreement with the great American labor leader. The effect of such dire influences has been to stupefy and emasculate the workingmen. What wonder, then, that the Central Labor Union of Toledo, Ohio, is calling upon the Governor of that State to *declare martial law* to settle the Columbus street car strike.

Could confusion be worse confounded? Respect for law and adoration of authority have so persistently been instilled into the American workingman that he has almost lost all spirit of independence, all ability to think and act for himself.

There will be no real Labor Day till the wage slave unsaddles his professional leaders and straightens his back to face his enemies and to fight them; without cringing, with revolutionary spirit and with weapons of his own choosing.

* * *

NOT very many years ago Mr. Goff, now Supreme Court Justice of New York, was an obscure lawyer. He gained some newspaper prominence as one of the legal advisors of the Lexow Committee, which exposed, during one of our periodical moral waves, the rottenness of the New York police.

Goff was rewarded by a judgeship. Then the real man came to light. The former exposer of police brutality and persecution became the worst persecutor of police victims. He quickly gained the reputation of the most heartless judge on the bench, severest always to the most unfortunate.

Now Goff has added a new feather to his cap by his injunction against the striking cloak makers. His latest "ruling" declares the strike "illegal," making even peaceful picketing a crime.

The courts are the strongest bulwarks of capitalism. It is quite natural for them—in fact, almost inevitable—to take a stand in favor of the masters as against their

slaves. There is nothing strange in that. But strange, indeed, is the "surprise" and "indignation" expressed by labor as to the inimical attitude of the courts. "Such an injunction is appalling," say labor leaders. The really appalling thing, however, is the criminal stupidity of the workingmen. How much longer will they expect "justice" from the courts of Satan?

Has it entered the head of the striking cloakmakers to ask the very natural and simple question: Who is Goff, or who is anyone, to presume to decide the fate of a hundred thousand human beings battling for their right to exist? And what would Goff's decision, or that of any court, amount to if a few thousand starving strikers were brave enough to ignore all court "rulings" and make their own rules of the game?

* * *

THE peculiar effect of spooks, especially of legal spooks, on the average mentality is strikingly shown by the ludicrous rôle of the Acting Mayor of New York.

Two weeks ago that official instructed the police to allow the striking cloakmakers to picket their shops, picketing being, in his opinion, the right of every striker.

Suddenly the Acting Mayor reversed himself. He hastens to instruct the police to disregard his former order, and commands them to suppress all picketing, on the ground that it is illegal and criminal.

Why this sudden change of "opinion"? Mr. Goff's decision, the Acting Mayor explains. The intelligent Chief Magistrate of America's metropolis thus confesses that his conception of right and wrong depends on the mere accident of some one's interpretation of the law. Evidently the Acting Mayor is the original hero of the expressive legend, "His master's voice."

* * *

LOS Angeles is the latest city to have an exposure of the "third degree," as applied to a helpless and poor prisoner by authorities eager for revenge. The exposure has resulted from the re-arrest of Fred Horning, whom they vainly tried to hold on a charge of murder.

In September, 1908, Police Captain Auble and Chief of Detectives Flammer arrested, on suspicion of their being about to commit a burglary, two young men named

Sutherland and Horning. While the latter was being handcuffed and hurried into an adjoining house, the former shot and killed Auble. Evidently a scuffle had taken place, for the officer's dying words were: "I didn't do any shooting at all. My gun was knocked out of my hand." Sutherland, finding himself cornered, committed suicide.

There was much excitement. Capt. Auble was buried with great pomp and highly eulogized, and the survivor of the two accused men, Horning, was depicted as an arch-fiend. At the expiration of seven days he was brought to trial in one of the police courts, such trial being behind closed doors, and confessed to an assault to commit murder, alleged to have been committed two years previously. Thereupon he was given the heaviest sentence allowed by law, fourteen years, and sent to Folsom penitentiary the next day.

Recently Horning was released by order of a Superior Court judge, whereupon the Los Angeles District Attorney procured his re-arrest on the charge of having been an accomplice in the murder of Auble—the charge they had not dared to make two years before.

A representative of the *Herald* and the Prison Reform League visited Horning in jail and obtained from him the story of how he had been "sweated" seven days and nights until, as he himself said, "he would have confessed to the crucifixion of Christ." Thereupon the *Herald* and the Prison Reform League, acting in conjunction with attorneys retained by Horning's friends, went after the District Attorney's office, forced it to confess it had no expectation of proving the murder charge, and procured the dismissal of the case. Meanwhile the authorities had spirited Horning back to Folsom penitentiary without giving his lawyers the slightest notice, and there he lies pending an appeal from the order releasing him.

No amount of theoretic argumentation can open people's eyes as effectually as a single concrete instance like the Horning case. Nor is the latter an exception. It is typical of the actual workings of "law and justice" in regard to the social victims who possess neither money nor political influence.

NO one possessing the humanity of true humor can help pitying President Taft. It would require an imagination more fertile than Münchhausen's to invent a more contemptibly ridiculous position for a person of the least self-respect than that occupied by the Man in the White House.

The humor of the situation is heightened by the charitable possibility that Taft himself is blissfully ignorant of the world-wide secret as to who America's real President is. That would be best for his soul's peace, but then—God knows.

* * *

"THE world is horrified at the dastardly act of the assassin."

The phrase is becoming disgustingly monotonous. Still worse, it lacks the note of sincerity.

Assassinations, actual or attempted, of prominent public men, are an inherent factor of our peculiar modern civilization. The good people who are forever horrified at this rather common phenomenon would, if intellectually sincere, try to find out the *causes* of such effects. It's all very well to cry "Crucify the Anarchists" when the man who commits an act of violence is, or is supposed to be, an Anarchist. But if the Anarchists are responsible for this form of social lightning, how account for a Gallagher? He has been proved a good old Democrat, a Roman Catholic, at that. Surprising as it may seem, neither his church nor his political party is held responsible for the deed of this active member in good standing.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy about the attitude of horror the "nation" habitually strikes in these matters. Perhaps a good deal of the "horrifying" originates in the newspaper offices. The small balance of the genuine sentiment is mainly due to stupid philistine indifference and mental laziness. Clean the Augean stables of your capitalism, with its absolute disregard of human life and opportunity, and you will have no more stinking.

* * *

THE much-vaunted English freedom of speech and press has often been illustrated by throwing such men as Most, Bourtsev, and numerous others into prison for uttering unpopular opinions.

One of the recent victims of a "free" press is our Comrade Guy A. Aldred, whom the British government had damned to a year's imprisonment for publishing the *Indian Sociologist,* the organ of the revolutionary Hindus.

But even the horrors of an English gaol cannot stifle the voice of a true liberty lover. Immediately upon his release, Comrade Aldred nailed another English outrage, by issuing a public appeal on behalf of the Hindu revolutionist, Vinayaka D. Savarkar, who was arrested at Victoria Station, London, on March 13th, 1910, at the instance of the Indian government.

Savarkar's two brothers had already been entrapped by the British government, and while one had been transported for life, the other was on his way to receive a like sentence. The English proceedings—at the Bow Street Police Court, the Divisional Court, and the Court of Appeal—were characterized by the usual arbitrary methods. The English government *had determined* on Savarkar's return to India. This was proven by the reasons given for this course. The prisoner was charged with "sedition and abetment of murder." The courts decided that, had there been no "abetment of murder" charge, it would have been harsh to have sent him to India on the sedition charge. On the other hand, it urged that, since the speeches—on which the sedition charge was based—were delivered in Hindustani, it was fairer for him to be tried in India. This was the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice. At the conclusion of the extradition proceedings, Savarkar was secretly conveyed from Brixton Prison to the P. & O. liner "Morea," to be conveyed to India. When the vessel was lying alongside the wharf at Marseilles—on its way out—Savarkar went to the bathroom, and while his gaolers waited outside, he succeeded, after divesting himself of his clothing, in squeezing through the port hole of the ship. Swimming ashore, he reached the quay, and ran. Two marine gendarmes gave chase, captured the fugitive after he had gone more than 300 metres on the French soil, and brought him back to the ship. This constituted *a breach of the right of asylum,* as Savarkar was a political prisoner.

Shyamaji Krishnavarma—who is highly respected in France—has been working hard to secure Savarkar's release on the ground that, he having actually landed on

French soil, the British government has lost, according to international law, its rights over the prisoner. The action of the French police in handing him back was illegal. The entire French press upholds this view. The French Socialists support the French government in demanding the return of Savarkar to France in vindication of the right of asylum, and they look to the English Socialists to support them in this demand.

L'Eclair, Le Temps, Le Matin, and *l'Humanité* unite in declaring the arrest of Savarkar, on French soil, to be an international scandal, a doubly illegal arrest, and a violation of the right of asylum.

The English governing class is supposed always to have had respect for the right of asylum. It should, therefore, be bound by honor to set Savarkar at liberty. But no trust is to be reposed in a governing class.

* * *

A BRACE of periodicals has been added to the list of radical magazines published in this country. Yet it is hardly proper to designate the *Free Comrade* and the *Worker's Voice* as "a brace,"—they are so different. Of common ultimate aim, the one is theoretically libertarian, the other actively revolutionary.

Perhaps their own respective characterization will prove most illuminating:

The *Free Comrade* is a little personal news-letter of inspiration, humanism, and sincerity. Its equal-editors are J. William Lloyd and Leonard D. Abbott, both of Westfield, N. J. (Box 511). 60 cents a year.

The *Worker's Voice* is mental combustion and a general conflagration. It is an independent journal for industrial union and revolutionary action. One dollar a year. Portland, Ore.

To the growing freemasonry of radicalism both magazines are necessary and welcome.

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ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

THE SONG OF THE EAST SIDE

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

We who have died to live,
We who have cast aside
All bonds that bound us to the mother-tide—
Who have left soil and home
In a strange land to roam,
Careless of toil or rest,
Where the world builds a changeling's nest
Here harbor we.
From outermost sea to sea,
We are passing under thy rod.
We have builded an altar O! God
To the unknown, THEE! *of all*
The highest, the holiest, thrall—
We have made the ALL: *ourselves,*
From the meanest kind that delves,
To our kings who on golden thrones
Sit fronting the storied suns;
From the flower that grows in the wall
To Shoshone's thundering fall;
From the sun, the stars, the beam,
To the infinite's last gleam,—
And we wait, we toil, we hope,
We delve, we dream, we grope,
And our hearts are fond and fierce,
And we dare the universe!

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ECONOMY AS VIEWED BY AN ANARCHIST

By C. L. JAMES.

CERTAIN leading ideas of this essay must be familiar to all who have done me the honor of reading my publications during the last twenty years. Among the first thoughts which occurred to me about the beginning of that period was that unsettled language is responsible for considerable vagueness in economic theory. A critique on previous reasonings ought, then, to begin with definitions upon that principle sought by Socrates:—a word in ordinary currency, like "capital," must neither be assumed intelligible nor de-

fined arbitrarily—a very misleading practice, for the familiar sense is sure to play fast and loose with the unfamiliar. The popular meaning should be cleared of ambiguities by discovering what is common to all uses of the word; and if any of these have other meanings, they must be served by other terms. The most necessary definitions thus attained here follow, together with the grounds for their adoption.

1. Economy is generally allowed to be the science which treats of Wealth, the laws of its Consumption, Production, Exchange, and Distribution.

2. Evidently, however, this definition necessitates others. You may have observed that whether economy deserves to be called a science is now a question often raised by certain persons who cannot be treated as unworthy answering, though I remember when this would have only excited ridicule. To the question suggested, what is a science? I reply, with Herbert Spencer, that a science is a study of the facts—it does not differ essentially from their common knowledge—thus, the fact that the days are longer in summer than in winter is as much a part of astronomy as that the solar system moves towards the star Alpha Centauri. Economy, then, certainly is a science, according to this view. The ground of unnecessary controversy is that a great difference, though one of degree alone, exists between knowledge such as that many common wares will rust, sour, putrefy, or evaporate, and such knowledge as that water contains equal chemical units of oxygen and hydrogen, the former being eight times the weight of the last. Popularly, knowledge of the latter sort alone is recognized as scientific; but this involves the misleading use of class-names for what are really stages in one process. These stages overlap to a considerable extent; yet, for our purposes, the following are necessary to observe. In the earliest stage, only *unrelated* facts are known. When seeking more facts of the same sort, the inquirer finds need of a language in which to describe them. Accordingly he *classifies* them, calling by the same name those in which he perceives a suitable resemblance; and such is human nature that these classifications always depend on a theory of cause and effect—whales were once called fish, because their shape and place of living made it supposed

their "substance" was fishy: they are not called fish now, because their mode of generation, their warm blood, their lungs, their milk, are recognized as better indications of their evolution; and these place them in another class. Finally, when a relation of cause and effect is surely established, we can reason authentically from so much cause to so much effect, and thus predict the future. It often happens, however, that a science is retarded by a premature attempt to reach this "rational" stage through an unsound hypothesis, like the existence of "phlogiston," in chemistry, or the motion of the heavens around the earth, in astronomy: nor is suspicion wanting, now, that Ricardo has been the Ptolemy or Galen of Economy, whose haste in theorizing proved no speed —a view, by the bye, which does not disparage but rather emphasizes the ability whence he derived such influence.

3. Wealth, the next thing requiring definition, has for its most easily recognized characteristic, Value; and popular speech accordingly describes as Wealth whatever can be sold. But economists are unanimous in saying that this involves a vulgar error. Slaves, where there are any, can be sold. So can land. So can what lawyers call choses in action—accounts, notes, mortgages, reversions. With them, there is none but a technically legal objection to classing bank-notes, government bonds, all patents, charters, and monopolies. None of these things are called Wealth in the strict language of science, because they cannot for a moment be supposed wealth except *to, for, or from the peculiar standpoint of,* their possessors (whereas certain other things are Wealth *universally,—to, for, or from the standpoint of,* all mankind). This distinction must be made thoroughly intelligible; for it is the most vital point in our argument. My whole claim to have advanced knowledge of Economy rests upon my having carried application of the distinction further than other economists; though, we see, they recognize it. What, then, exactly, does it mean? for such a qualification as "from some one's standpoint" sounds rather vague and metaphysical. Happily, the case is perfectly illustrative. If a planter in Virginia fifty years ago had (1) slaves, (2) land, (3) negotiable paper, (4) bank paper, (5) a patent for a machine, (6)

a bill against the State, (7) bills against individuals, (8) a house, (9) machinery, (10) livestock, (11) growing crops, all these might be considered parts of his wealth, because he was the richer for having them all. But, objects the scientific economist, *he, only,* was richer for his having slaves, land, bills, or a patent. The act of the United States in emancipating his slaves, putting his land on the market, repudiating his claim upon the Rebel government, releasing his debtors, cancelling his patent,—to suppose that all this was done—made the State of Virginia neither poorer nor richer; for whatever he lost some one else gained; and whatever was gained by other Virginians was lost to this one. Very different would be burning his house, killing his mules, destroying his machinery or crops. These are acts which may be justified by war, or by certain exigencies of peace. But, right or wrong, wise or foolish, they are always thus far to be regretted that the whole country and world is poorer for them. The poorest man is absolutely, if not relatively, "worse off" because of them. Reversely—to build a house, make a machine, raise a valuable animal, or a crop, is always a clear addition to the total of wealth: but wealth is not increased when men are enslaved,[1] debts contracted, land deeded by the people to individ-

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[1] A country may be richer for capturing slaves. But since she can become rich in this way only at expense of some other country, the world is no richer. Land, indeed, is the source of all wealth. But if land itself were wealth, then the more good land a country contained the richer it would be, without reference to the number of people; whereas we know that, however good the land, the more there is of it in ratio with the population, the poorer the country must be. Land if saleable, enriches its owners, though not the country, but it becomes saleable, and thus appears to be wealth, only when there is not enough of the best left free for all the people; and so the apparent wealth is not a substance but a distribution making some poor in the same proportion as it makes others rich. The rise of true wealth does not work that way. The man who has a house is not richer because his neighbors live in pigsties—he is poorer for that circumstance—it is a disadvantage to live in a poor country. Similarly, the pigsty-dweller is not poorer because there are houses. Their splendor may mock his poverty; but he is the better for their existence, and would miss them if they were burnt.

uals, or any kind of monopoly established. Whatever some gain by that, others lose.[2]

About those valuable things which economists do not call wealth, observe that all of them have the nature of claims by the possessor upon some other person's labor —as by the master on the slave's, the landlord on the tenant's, the creditor on the debtor's, the patentee on the user's. Contrariwise, all valuable things which economists do call wealth, are immediate results of previous human labor.[3] This distinction, between value imparted by past labor to some Thing which, so far as it has values of that sort, is always Wealth, and Value inherent in a claim on future labor, which is never Wealth, will be found fundamentally important. Value in Wealth is measurable (partially) by that labor which was expended in obtaining the Wealth from land. Value in claims on labor still to be done except, indeed, for other, previous, labor, is value because they enable their possessor—slave owner, landlord, monopolist, usurer, etc.—to obtain a *surplus* value over the results of his own labor—of course from other peoples'!—which Surplus Value is what makes the classes of rich and poor, as we shall see.

As all Wealth, in a scientific sense, is a result of labor, so all (material) results of labor are Wealth.[4] Even mummies and pyramids, often cited as examples of wasted labor, have some Value; nor is there any offsetting reason why they should not be called Wealth—the worst possible result of human labor applied to valuable substances is that it may diminish (it never wholly de-

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[2] Neither the justice nor the final expediency of any act here mentioned is discussed as yet. Emancipation may be right and wise, repudiation may be wrong and foolish; but either leaves this sum total of wealth just what it was.

[3] Thus Land is not Wealth, but a house on the land is. "Land," then, must always here be understood to mean either unimproved land, or that part of an improved estate which remains after deducting the improvements.

[4] Labor which yields *no* material result, as that of an actor or singer, is called Unproductive. It would be a great mistake to infer that such labor is *useless*. There are kinds of it which actually confer Happiness, while increasing Wealth only removes some hindrances to happiness. But such labor does *not* increase Wealth. The kind which *results* in Wealth is called Productive.

stroys) the value previously contained in any Thing which, if not itself a labor-result, owed all its value, as land does, to the fact that labor would fain use it. Since, then, all (material) results of human labor are Wealth and nothing but a result of human labor is Wealth, we might define Wealth as *the material result of Labor.* True, this definition is not *synthetic,* like that of a circle, which not only distinguishes a circle from anything else but exhibits the source of all its properties. That the definition can be made synthetic will appear, however, when we have defined Labor, which evidently it renders very necessary.

4. Labor means more than mere exertion. The latter is inseparable from life: but when it has no ulterior purpose it is Play. Labor, then, is exertion with an ulterior purpose. But the only ulterior purpose in applying exertion to the raw material of Wealth (called by economists Land[5]) is to fit it for the satisfaction of desire; and, human desires being part of our common nature, whatever will satisfy the desire of him who makes it may also satisfy the desire of others, thus acquiring the two characteristics of Wealth—it may be sold to satisfy the desire of buyers; and if the maker should die without heirs it will still be Wealth to whoever gets it, unlike claims on slaves, lands, etc.—possessions not economically called Wealth—which are "of no value to anyone but the legal owner." From the definition of Labor as exertion with a purpose it follows that "men seek to gratify their desires with the minimum labor"—a fundamental economic maxim, evidently true, for it only translates into subjective language the mechanical law that motion follows the line of least resistance.[6] But by the distinction between Labor and Play we see it is by no means true that men always perform the least exertion possible.

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[5] As the term Land, in Economy, excludes every product of Labor, so it includes all raw material given man by nature without labor—not only earth, but water, air, fire spontaneously kindled, also the wild plants and animals. This is the common use, sifted so as to allow no ambiguity.

[6] Henry George makes this observation. It should be observed that scientific treatment of human and social phenomena is always materialistic; not because its employers are necessarily

What they perform "for the fun of it" is Play; and that is neither a small amount nor unimportant. "The play-instinct," said Froebel, "is the creative instinct!" Mediocrity labors, but genius, in its highest flights, is at play. (I may observe, in passing, that the now rationalized economic distinction between Wealth, as the result of labor, and claims to labor or its results (which claims are not Wealth) has lately, and only lately, affected that most backward among human processes, legislation. It is getting to be pretty well understood that a tax on mortgages or other claims amounts to a double tax on the debtor, who has to satisfy lenders for this loss, while his own possessions are taxed as if they were unincumbered.)

5. Consumption is the process by which Wealth is destroyed as Wealth, and returned to the pristine state of raw material or Land. It includes waste, which is to some extent inevitable, and against which, therefore, prudent people always provide a margin. But, of course, the chief significance of Consumption depends on its occurrence in actually satisfying desire.

The reader will be apt to remark that I have taken an unusual course in putting Consumption before Production. I maintain that, though perhaps paradoxical, this course is neither illogical nor unimportant—that, for two reasons, it is an error fraught with mischief to consider Production before Consumption, as has commonly been done. The first reason is that Consumption is what Aristotle would call the *final* cause of Wealth—Production being only the *efficient* cause. To explain this, since I suppose we are all (worse luck!) too wise to have read Aristotle nowadays,—this great thinker says there are always four causes for every completed result, without whose coöperation it could not be. The final cause is that purpose for which the result is effected—in our case, of Wealth, Consumption. The material cause is the substance needed for the result—in this case

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materialists in their metaphysics, but because metaphysics is not science: and the latter, proceeding by observation or experiment, regards always *the objective* (matter) on which alone experiments are practicable. Vague metaphysical terms like "the reward of abstinence," are among hindrances to progress in economic theory.

what economists call Land. The formal cause is the maker's skill; and the efficient cause his labor. Among these it is evident that the cause called final is really the first, which sets all the others going—even the material cause, which alone exists independently, is not a cause until the final puts the efficient at work upon it. We ought, therefore, always to begin with the final cause, if we can tell what it is, as we can in all cases where man is the maker and his purpose is the final cause. The ill results of doing otherwise may be illustrated immediately and plentifully. All the obsolete errors of the exploded Mercantile school in Economy began with forgetting that not money but consumption is the final cause of labor and trade; that a country may easily have more money than its purposes justify; that Spain and India, those countries which had the greatest "balance of trade in their favor" were visibly growing poor before the eyes of the whole world, just when, on Mercantilist principles, they should have been growing rich. But, besides, that whole vague notion of "accumulated wealth" which still haunts "orthodox" Economy, like a Sibyl muttering unintelligible spells, is due to forgetting that to be consumed is what Wealth is made for. There is no accumulated Wealth which does not fall under some of the following heads: (1) things in the process of unproductive consumption, as food, clothes, houses, by their users, (2) stocks of such things, destined to be unproductively consumed before long; for none will keep without care, and to bestow care upon them pays only when they are either being actually used up or will soon be sold, (3) things destined to be consumed productively, as seeds, breeding or working cattle, and machinery, (4) money, which is a machine or appliance of exchange. Let the rate of unproductive consumption slacken, as it does during "hard times," and the loss in all of these becomes tremendous. Unproductive consumption is the end, without which there would be no wealth. It is only as desires, exchange, and consumption increase, that the world becomes any richer. The idea, half entertained in earnest, half known to be fallacious, by writers who use its language, that wealth is accumulated through the parsimony of those who choose to save money is, therefore,

an error, which we shall find, for I intend pursuing it much further, to be often very mischievous in practice, and utterly misleading in theory.

(*To be continued.*)

ANARCHIST SYMPOSIUM

KROPOTKIN

PETER ALEXEYEVITCH KROPOTKIN, a prince who objects to his title, was born in Moscow, in 1842. He was at one time secretary of the Russian Geographical Society, for which he made long and important researches in Asia, and, in addition to his voluminous writings on sociological subjects, he has published much on geographical and other purely scientific questions. Naturally, therefore, he approaches the consideration of the social question exclusively from the modern scientific point of view, and he considers that the sole object of evolution is the increasing happiness of the human race.

For the attainment of universal happiness one fundamental principle must be recognized, viz.: "Do to others as you would have it done to you in the like case," which is practically the Golden Rule, and he explains that this expresses the principles of equality, solidarity, and justice. In all which he is entirely at one with Proudhon and Tolstoy.

But, as might be expected from his scientific training, he is differentiated from them by the conviction that nature preaches an even higher doctrine than any of these, and that is ENERGY. "Be strong," he says. "Overflow with the passion of thought and action; so shall your understanding, your love, your energy, pour itself into others." "What has not the engineer's art DARED, and what do not literature, painting, music, the drama, DARE to-day?" Where institutions block the way of progress toward greater happiness we "DARE to fight, to make a rich and overflowing life possible to all."

Kropotkin is every bit as much of an evolutionist

as is Herbert Spencer, but the two men look at evolution through somewhat different spectacles, Spencer being inclined to emphasize the slow and steady progress of evolution, while Kropotkin's view is well expressed in the following:

"Evolution never advances so slowly and evenly as has been asserted. Evolution and revolution alternate, and the revolutions—that is, the times of accelerated evolution—belong to the unity of nature just as much as do the times in which evolution takes place more slowly." He also points out that order is the free equilibrium of all forces that operate upon the same point—a mathematical way of stating the problem, which is entirely natural to Kropotkin, and he emphasizes the fact that, "if any of these forces are interfered with in their operation by a human will, they operate none the less, but their effects accumulate till some day they break the artificial dam and provoke a revolution."

This is, in reality, a most condensed statement of the main individualistic position. The free working of an individual life is unjustly interfered with. In itself it has a force that appears insignificant, and the wrongdoer feels safe in ignoring its protest. But it links itself to other individualities similarly injured; its force, though perhaps hidden, continues and gathers strength by combination, until finally the wrong, in accord with the strict processes of nature, has to be righted.

This insistence on energy, the bold and free assertion of right life and all its powers, coupled with the conviction that revolution is only accelerated evolution, rendered necessary by the accumulation of individual wrongs, carries Kropotkin to conclusions as regards action widely different from the opinions held by Tolstoy, to whom "love" is the supreme law. I think it would be correct to say that Tolstoy is the Puritan of Love, insisting on its direct observance at all times, and condemning anything that at any moment contravenes the law of love, even though it may seem to pave the way to greater and more generally occupied heights of love.

To Kropotkin, on the other hand, the command of nature to exercise energy, daring, the bold initiative that shall overthrow, at the earliest moment possible, whatever stands in the way of the progress toward greater happiness for the individual and the race, is the imperative command, before which all other moral axioms must bend. He exhausts language to convince his readers that "there is need of great events which rudely break the thread of history and hurl mankind out of its ruts into new roads"; that "the Revolution becomes a peremptory necessity," and that "the building which has become uninhabitable hinders the development of what is sprouting in its crevices and around it."

Kropotkin, as absolute a materialist as Bakunin, and as bitterly opposed to the teachings of the Church as Tolstoy, declares that to-day, under the influence of science, "man has recognized his place in nature; he has recognized that his institutions are his work and can be refashioned by him alone."

Kropotkin is fully as emphatic as are Proudhon and Tolstoy in his condemnation of State-enacted law. He declares that it has no claim to men's respect; that "it is an adroit mixture of such customs as are beneficial to society, and would be observed even without a law, with others which are to the advantage only of a ruling minority, but are harmful to the masses, and can be upheld only by terror."

He emphasizes the point dwelled on with much persistence by Herbert Spencer in his "Plea for Liberty," that "the law puts rigid immobility in the place of progressive development," and insists that, instead of being for the purpose of securing to the individual or society the product of their labor, it exists "to rob the producer of a part of his product, and to protect a few in the enjoyment of what they have stolen from the producer or from the whole of society."

Furthermore, Kropotkin asserts that the law is a comparatively new formation, mankind having lived for ages without any written law, and that it came into being only when society split into two hostile camps, one of which desired to rule the other. He holds that its days already are numbered.

In the next stage of evolution "the laws will be totally abrogated" and unwritten customs will "suffice to maintain a good understanding." With Proudhon he considers that in the society of the future contracts must be lived up to, but he explains that the compelling motives will be the general will, "the necessity, which everyone feels, of finding co-operation, support and sympathy," and the fear of expulsion from the fellowship. He grants, however, that cases may arise where private or public intervention will be necessary to compel right doing.

With Tolstoy, Proudhon and all other Anarchists, Kropotkin has nothing but condemnation for the State. He follows the general line of argument as to the multiplication of laws and officeholders who live at the expense of the toilers, but specially emphasizes the fact that the modern State is bringing every country to bankruptcy, and mortgaging the lives of future generations. He further lays great stress on the argument that the State is tantamount to war.

"One State seeks to weaken and ruin another in order to force upon the latter its law, its policy, its commercial treaties, and to enrich itself at its expense. War is to-day the usual condition of Europe; there is a thirty-years' supply of causes of war on hand. And civil war rages at the same time with foreign war; the State, which was originally to be a protection for all, and especially for the weak, has to-day become a weapon of the rich against the exploited, of the propertied against the propertyless."

Like the writers already considered he declares in the most pronounced manner that no distinction can be made between the various forms of the State, and that, as the result of the evolution that has been in progress from absolute monarchies to limited monarchies, and from these latter to so-called republics, it is now clear that government by representation is just as bad as any of its predecessors.

"Precisely like any despot, the body of representatives of the people—be it called Parliament, Convention, or anything else; be it appointed by the prefects of a Bonaparte or elected with all conceivable freedom by an insurgent city—will always try to enlarge

its competence, to strengthen its power by all sorts of meddling, and to displace the activity of the individual and the group by the law." "The six-hundred-headed beast without a name has outdone Louis IX. and Ivan IV."

It may be noted that the tendency of governing bodies to seek continually to increase their power is an argument that Herbert Spencer dwells on repeatedly.

Such rights as are granted by parliamentary representatives, Kropotkin insists, are entirely worthless, vanishing into thin air the moment the privileges of the favored few are seriously attacked, and he naturally instances the alleged freedom of the press in England, the United States, and Switzerland. "That is what political rights are. Freedom of the press and freedom of association, the inviolability of the home and all the rest, are respected only so long as the people make no use of them against the privileged class. But on the day when the people begin to use them for the undermining of privileges, all these rights are thrown overboard."

That the State is doomed is a fixed conviction that Kropotkin spares no pains to drive home. He maintains that it has reached the zenith of its power and become a tyranny that is no longer endurable, and the method by which this has been accomplished is thus described. "Church, law, military power, and wealth acquired by plunder, have for centuries made common cause; have in slow labor piled stone on stone, encroachment on encroachment, and thus created the monstrous institution which has finally fixed itself in every corner of social life—nay, in the brains and hearts of men—and which we call the State." All which, it will be observed, is entirely in the Tolstoy style.

The process of dissolution has begun already, and the hour of the State's death is near at hand. In Kropotkin's judgment the Latin races are those which are in the lead in the attack on an institution that has had its day; "they want the independence of the provinces, communes and groups of laborers; they

want not to submit to any dominion, but to league themselves together freely."

"After having tried all kinds of government, humanity is trying now to free itself from the bonds of any government whatever, and to respond to its needs of organization by the free understanding between individuals prosecuting the same common aims."

Reading the last quotation it will be seen that the ideal set up is precisely the same as that held by Proudhon and Tolstoy, and with them Kropotkin enlarges on the enormous field occupied to-day by private co-operation, and on the possibilities that have been opened to it with every improvement in the methods of communication. Not only does this hold good with commercial organizations, but "there is also no lack of free organizations for nobler pursuits; the Lifeboat Association, the Hospitals Association, and hundreds of like organizations. One of the most remarkable societies which has recently arisen is the Red Cross Society. To slaughter men on the battlefields, that remains the duty of the State; but these very States recognize their inability to take care of their own wounded; they abandon the task, to a great extent, to private initiative."

Inasmuch as one constant charge made against Anarchists is that they wish to relegate humanity to conditions of primitive isolation, it is thought necessary to emphasize the point just made.

With Tolstoy, Kropotkin holds that "to rack our brains about the details of the form which public life shall take in the future society would be silly," but he insists that it is necessary to come to an agreement about the main features. One principle is imperative—freedom from authority. People will group themselves freely in communes, but it will and must be freely.

❦ ❦ ❦

ANARCHIST—A believer in Anarchism; one opposed to all forms of coercive government and invasive authority; an advocate of Anarachy, or absence of government, as the ideal of political liberty and social harmony.

THE SCHOOL AND LIFE

Signs of social awakening multiply. But none holds richer promise than the growing realization of the need of rational education of children. The following excerpts from a brilliant article by W. N. Hailmann, of the Normal Training School of Cleveland, Ohio (published by the N. Y. Post), is a hopeful indication of coming dawn.

MORE and more the conviction is gaining ground that instruction has educative value only in the measure in which it serves the pupil's natural eagerness for self-unfoldment; that, consequently, its first concern must be to provide a more or less ideal life-sphere in which the pupil can find intelligible conditions favorable to the development of these natural tendencies which become manifest primarily in an intense desire to imitate, to know, to be a helping factor in his world. Repression of these spontaneous interests and yearnings of the soul, and compulsion with reference to interests which the child cannot share, produce weakness where we seek strength, rebellion where we seek obedience, and disgust where we seek enthusiasm.

It should be remembered that, primarily and more especially during the elementary period, the impelling interest of the child is not the same as that of the teacher. Primarily, the interest of the teacher is that the child gain knowledge and skill. In the work chosen or suggested by the teacher, the constructive and artistic features are measurably incidental.

With the child, the reverse is the case. Thus, even in bead-stringing, the teacher's chief concern is, probably, that the child may gain clearer notions of number and color relations; but the child is chiefly interested in the beautiful "string of beads" and in the purpose it is to serve. And, later on, the same applies to the glove-box or apron, to the story or composition, to the song or design.

In general terms, of the three elements of world-harmony, beauty, as success in self-expression, and goodness or excellence, as success in the control of the material involved, are the elements the child most eagerly

seeks. Truth, as knowledge and skill, comes to him more or less incidentally.

The teacher, on the other hand, clearly appreciates the fact that the child's achievements depend largely upon knowledge and skill, and is thereby constantly tempted to give undue prominence to these, making of them factors of repression, rather than of development. This tendency he should wisely curb, should reverently respect the psychological primacy of the pupils' attitude, while managing their suggestive environment—of which, by the way, he is the most important factor—so that they may accomplish their purpose and, at the same time, steadily grow in appreciation of the knowledge and skill involved and learn to seek truth for the sake of the beauty and excellence it places within their grasp.

The disregard of this relation accounts for much poor teaching in every department, more especially in over-supervised special subjects of instruction. Teachers, respectively specialists, persist in forcing their knowledge upon the pupil; ignore or repress their instinctive yearning for use and beauty, and drag or drive them in an ill-named "logical course" into spiritless drill; substitute for natural inner incentives that fear no difficulty and shrink from no effort, incentives of external compulsion and artificial bribes which, usually based upon fear or upon anti-social greed or rivalry, arrest development or lead it astray. They prevent or handicap the development of joy in the work for its own sake, are hostile to purposeful doing, quench the ardor of creative initiative and the fervor of social service, and substitute for these abiding motives transient, perishable caprice.

In a large view, the life of man is seen as a process of continuous, conscious self-liberation; and education, if it would maintain and extend this process, must become, in its turn, essentially a process of liberation, must aid the young in their more or less spontaneous, as well as more or less deliberate, efforts to gain working knowledge and control of the forces of nature and of their own powers, as well as of the achievements and ideals of man in these directions.

In theory, these considerations are quite fully and clearly accepted. We hear and read much in pedagogic utterances of self-unfoldment, self-activity, self-expres-

sion, self-realization, originality, individuality, initiative, social efficiency, and the like. These terms cover the growing insight into the dawning truths of evolution, and these things, it is claimed, it is the special and sacred responsibility of education, and, therefore, of the school, to foster and to stimulate.

Yet, in the actual work of the school—and more especially of the public school—progress toward these ideals is slow. Indeed, the very organization and equipment of the current school handicaps these processes and the development of these qualities which pedagogic theory hold to be essential to success.

In many ways compulsion and restraint still rule supreme. The children are more or less arbitrarily commanded what, when, and how to do. Initiative and originality, self-expression, and individuality are taboo. It is deemed possible and important that all should be interested in the same things, in the same sequence and at the same time. The worship of the idol of uniformity continues more or less openly. And to make doubly sure that there shall be no heterodox interference, school supervision frequently dictates every step and even the manner and mode of it, so that disturbing initiative or originality and the rest may not enter by way of the teacher. We still hear overmuch of "order," of "method," of "system," of "discipline," in the death-dealing sense of long ago; and these aim at the repression rather than at the liberation of life with its rich and varied spontaneous interests and initiatives, its marvellous epiphanies of beauty and truth and good will.

More than sixty years ago, Emerson wrote: "We are students of words; we are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last as a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a *thing*." And to-day his criticism continues to hold good in many ways in spite of a number of so-called reforms forced upon the school by the persistent urgings of fervent prophets of the new day both in and out of the profession.

But there is much to assure the conviction of victorious progress. Theory, the child of thought set free by experience, has ever led practice, and practice has ever been slow to follow the new light of theory. Culture, so

long confined to certain barren conventionalities of intellect and taste, is adding unto itself the outward and inward look, the objective research of world and self, the thirst for beneficent social introördination and efficiency. It is steadily reaching the conviction that word and thought and power gain true being and permanence only in the deed, that man truly *is* only in what he *does* or effectively urges us to do.

Psychology, so long the captive of adult mentality in individual isolation, has found the child, its body, its hands, its social needs, and even the racial origin and destiny of man. Clear-sighted and devoted teachers, even in humblest positions, are asserting and defending with rare patience and courage the rights of childhood, frequently against heavy odds of official opportunism, commercial greed, and stupid conservatism.

Steadily and surely the child is conquering and attaining leadership in the work of self-unfoldment into a life of free, effective, full, and joyous humanity.

The mere instructionist, blinded by his paltry specialty to the full life it is meant to serve; the narrow-minded pedant and worshipper of uniformity; the small-souled reactionary who cries "for more spelling and arithmetic and less life"; the self-sufficient "apostle of consolation" who in his worship of what has been fails to see what is and what ought to be; the stupid adherent of a decaying erudition who makes war upon the fresh vigor that is sprouting from its soil—all these are sinking into their doom.

The new day is dawning, when the school will serve life in all its phases and reverently lift each human child to its appropriate place in a common life of beneficent social efficiency whose motto will be: "Freedom, good will, and joy for each and all."

MARX VS. NIETZSCHE

A REVIEW OF "MEN VS. THE MAN"

By WM. C. OWEN.

II.

RECENTLY the whole world was awaiting breathlessly the result of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. Whence came this absorbing interest in a struggle regarded by many as fundamentally bestial? Is it merely that the brute is still rampant within us? I suspect not. I suspect we find relief in turning from our daily struggle, in which conditions are farcically unfair, to one in which a "square deal" —not in the Rooseveltian sense—is practically certain.

If this be so it points to a basic instinct that Mencken apparently ignores. For, while frankly admitting the inequality of the social conflict, he emphasizes its inevitability and takes little account of the yearning to reduce it to a minimum. Yet this yearning unquestionably has prompted the countless revolutions with which history teems, and apparently, at intervals, men will make heroic efforts to realize their dreams of justice. In other words, the instinct for justice seems to be a biological fact which fine-spun arguments cannot explain away. However, Mencken advances many hard truths, and I find him far cleverer at fence than his opponent.

For example, in his first letter La Monte draws a broad distinction between practical and Utopian idealists. Naturally he classes himself with the former, and forthwith he unfolds a scheme wherein men and women of all nationalities, classes and grades of intelligence shall be united in one collective partnership; producing not for profit but for use; neither exploiting nor being exploited. This, he is satisfied, will secure the freedom of every individual.

Now, I live in Los Angeles; a comparatively small city. In it, however, are tens of thousands of Europeans and Orientals, of all nationalities. The members of these different nationalities, drawn together by community of habits, language and other ties, group themselves in separate localities, so that we have the Chinese quarter, the Japanese quarter, the

Mexican quarter, and so forth. Ask anyone of common sense, who has had experience in handling men, what he thinks of La Monte's collective partnership, and he will scout it as the wildest of Utopian dreams. At best he will declare unhesitatingly that collective action by these incongruous and highly diversified elements could be obtained only by a most powerful centralized authority that would apply the whip with unflinching severity.

The position of my man of common sense is precisely the position taken by Anarchists, or Individualists. They maintain that men, instead of being dragged, willy-nilly, into one universal partnership, must be allowed to group themselves according to their own individual choice, and they insist that the process of ushering in this voluntary and just co-operation will be facilitated by the realization of equitable conditions. Josiah Warren, in particular, has given us a most trenchant analysis of the French Revolution, in which he shows—to my satisfaction, at least—that the Reign of Terror and the despotism of Napoleon were due solely to the frenzied attempts of the Jacobins to force their own individual conceptions of ideal social conditions on the nation at large. They held the genial opinion that there could be only one will, and that one the will of the republic of which they themselves, quite naturally, were the interpreters. A childish conception, out of which we should have grown!

Mencken has no difficulty in getting away with his antagonist on that proposition, for he stands by the scientific truth summed up by Herbert Spencer in the words—"Progress is Difference." He scoffs at the "scientific" Socialist's notion that you can make human laws that will over-ride the laws of nature, and punctures the fallacy of majority rule in these words: "The mob is inert and moves ahead only when it is dragged or driven. It clings to its delusions with a pertinacity that is appalling. A geological epoch is required to rid it of a single error, and it is so helpless and cowardly that every fresh boon it receives, every lift upon its slow journey upward, must come to it as a free gift from its betters—as a gift not only free, but

also forced. Great men have fought and died for the truth for a thousand years, and yet the average low-caste white man of to-day, throughout Christendom, still believes that Friday is an unlucky day, still believes that ghosts walk the earth, and still holds to an immovable faith in signs, portents, resurrections, redemptions, miracles, prophecies, hells, gehennas, and political panaceas."

Mencken freely admits that in politics the masses are bribed, bullied, and bamboozled; but he justifies it on the ground of necessity. "It is lucky for civilization," he says, "that democracy must ever remain a phantasm, to entertain and hearten the lowly like the hope of heaven, but to fall short eternally of realization. If it were actually possible to give every citizen an equal voice in the management of the world—if it were practicable to provide machinery whereby the collective will of the majority could be registered accurately, and made effective automatically and immediately—the democratic ideal would reduce itself to an absurdity in six months. There would be an end to all progress. Emotion would take the place of reason."

I myself find it quite impossible to blink the vast amount of truth embodied in the foregoing quotations, which point to the rock on which majority rule is always doomed to split. In fact, this is the very difficulty with which Democracy has been struggling for more than a century, and struggling most ineffectively. Moreover, apart from theory, history proves that intellectual superiority never submits willingly to mob rule, just as in the South the white man refuses to be dominated by negro majorities. Surely it is most fortunate that the intellectual have this "Will to Power," for, by the necessity of the case, new ideas must be pushed to the front by the exceptional few, whose task it is to win over the masses.

La Monte quotes Lester F. Ward to the effect that difference of capacity exists in every class. True enough, but that is not the point. The question is not as to exceptional individuals, but whether the majority, when armed with absolute authority, will be progressive. This all-important query he meets

merely with the prophecy that with the solution of the economic problem we shall have an altogether different humanity. A doubtful proposition, indeed. Moreover, will the ignorant majority solve even the economic problem?

Mencken pooh-poohs Ward's declaration that class distinctions are wholly artificial. He considers the doctrine of equality a Christian superstition, and explains that it is necessarily fundamental to Socialism. But, for reasons given previously, I do not see why the desire to give all an equal chance should be thus classified. On the contrary, I think it is an instinct growing with the spread of intelligence and the development of the race. If Christianity happens to indorse it, so much the better for Christianity. No anti-religious prejudice should blind us to a fact.

I cannot close this long yet inadequate review of a most interesting book without expressing my strong disapprobation of La Monte's treatment of the Darwin-De Vries controversy. He deliberately elaborates the proposition that the non-cataclysmic views of Lyell in geology and Darwin in biology have been accepted because the bourgeoisie is opposed to revolution, and explains that they are being superseded by those of De Vries and the cataclysmic school because the times are revolutionary. But surely science is only such when it has been proved in accord with fact; and surely, whatever may be the merits of the two schools, they will be decided by that test alone and not, as La Monte asserts, by the clamor of "thirty or forty million earnest men and women steadfastly striving for revolution." Mencken properly makes fun of this, but I wish he had added an indignant note of protest against this gross libel on the intellectual honesty of our race.

Regretfully I find myself doubting La Monte's own intellectual honesty when I find him claiming (p. 89) Nietzsche as "our comrade." For Nietzsche hated nothing so much as the Socialism for which La Monte stands; attacked it with every weapon at his command, and regarded it, from first to last, as organized mob rule. What sense is there in claiming him as an ally?

THE STORY OF ANNIE

By ELIZABETH BOWLE.

AND so Annie went to the war.

She became one of those women who are called "sinners." And this is how it happened.

One of the boys was talking to her one day. Men did talk very frankly to Annie, though she was but twenty-one, unmarried, and in appearance a mere slip of a girl, with a lovely color, and eyes whose blue gravity the deep dimple in her left cheek belied. Her nature had its dimple, too.

He had been to war before, and he said to her: "War is hellish! We slaughter each other like animals and the animal rises into our throats! It's odd, Annie, but when I've stuck a man with my bayonet and watched him squirm, sex has thrilled me—just the animal stirred up! It is then we need woman—women, not unclean birds of prey, not diseased derelicts! I know them!—Better than nothing though, maybe! What do you think, sweetheart?"

Annie was silent, but by and by she said: "I am going to the war."

And to the war she went—a harlot.

She was used by officer and private alike, and no nurse with the honored red cross on her sleeve was more devoted, more steadfast through all the hardships and hell of war. Yet her companions were the other women, harlots, she-devils some. But when one of these vituperated and molested Annie, another, screaming strange, vividly-imagined blasphemies, fell on her, and they clinched, grappled, bit, scratched, tore at each other's hair, hammered each other's faces, and later laughed loud and long together as each humorous detail of that historic fight recurred to memory. Annie laughed, too.

But now the war was over, and all who were left were making for "home," but Annie. She had now no home. Perhaps her mother, had she known where to find Annie, would have opened her arms to her—mothers are such unreasoning beings!—but the father forbade any mention of her name. He had sworn an oath on the open bible; his hand resting unknowingly

on the page telling the story of the woman, a sinner, whose sins Jesus said were forgiven because she "loved much." There seemed nothing but the streets for Annie, or perhaps a "Shelter for Unfortunates." But she did not feel unfortunate. Life had been rich. Yet she herself said: "I am going home."

And she went to her room—that clean, bare, dark little room, from whose window she fantastically likened the multitude of chimneys to Washington fir forests, friends of her childhood,—to get ready to go. First she bathed, then she put on white clothes, then she braided her hair in two long braids—smiling at her "woman's glory," the dimple still there in cheek and nature—and then she poured some clear liquid into a cup. That liquid was going to "take her home." She had quaffed life to the dregs as she would quaff this, and presently she would sleep a long, long sleep, laid straight out on the bed with hands clasped over her childless breasts, and that sleep would take all the lines out of her face, those deep lines graven there by the two-years' war, and deeper still by these two weeks of heartbreaking loneliness. Perhaps of all earth's tests loneliness hurts the heart most.

She claimed her right to go or to stay, and lifted the cup to her lips.

Occasionally, when men were narrating their war experiences to friends and sweethearts, some few would say to themselves, momentarily: "I wonder what's become of Annie." And one hunted for her in vain, "like a madman!"—life's irony. And still another, holding his wife to his breast, put her out of his thoughts as a thing unclean,—life's irony, again.

Such is the story of Annie.

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